

Measuring the Moon.

COMPARED with the earth, the moon is a tiny body, with a diameter of 2,160 miles. In the great circle of the Pacific, from which, according to an old idea, it was born, the moon would make a solitary island.



Magazine Page



This Day in Our History.

THIS is the anniversary of the flight of Benedict Arnold in 1780, to the British warship Vulture. The traitor thereafter led an enemy force against the patriots and was cursed by the nation that bought him.

Robert W. Chambers' Famous Story

THE STREETS OF ASCALON

Illustrated by

Charles Dana Gibson

A Spirited and Swiftly Moving Romance of Hearts and High Society, by the Greatest Living Master of Fiction.

By Robert W. Chambers. Whose Novels Have Won Him International Fame.

"HOW could you mislead Rix by marrying him?" "By accepting what I could never return." "Love?" "Does he ask that?" "No—not now. But—he wants it. And I haven't it to give. So I can't take his—and let him work all his life for my comfort—I can't take it from Sir Charles and accept the position and fortune he offered me once—"

She lay silent a moment, then unclosed her eyes.

"Molly," she said, "I don't believe that Sir Charles is going to mind very much."

Molly met her eyes for an instant, very near, and a pale flash of telepathy passed between them. Then Strela smiled.

"You mean Chrysoe," said Molly.

"Yes. . . . Don't you think so?"

"She's little more than a child. . . . I don't know. Men are that way—men of Sir Charles' age and experience are likely to drift, that way. . . . But if you are done with Sir Charles, what he does no longer interests me—except that the Lacy will become insufferable if—"

Hoping for Luck.

Don't talk that way, dear."

"I don't like the family—except Chrysoe."

"Then be glad of her—if it comes true. . . . Sir Charles is a dear—almost too perfectly ideal to be a man. . . . I do wish it for his sake. . . . He was a little unhappy over me, I think."

"He adores you still, you little villain!" whispered Molly, fondling her. "But—let poets sing and romancers rave—there's nothing that starves as quickly as love. And Sir Charles has been long fasting—good luck to him and more shame on you!"

Strela laughed, cleared her brow and eyes of the soft light hair, and, flinging out both arms, took Molly to her heart in a swift, hard embrace.

"There!" she said, breathless. "I adore you, anyhow, Molly. . . . Do you think I'll get anything for my house?"

"Yes, when you sell it. That's the hopeless part of it just at this time of year—"

"Perhaps my luck will turn," said Strela. "You know I've had an awful lot of the other kind all my life."

They laughed.

Strela went on: "Perhaps when I sell everything I'll have enough left over to buy a little house up here near you, Molly, and have pigs and chickens and a cow!"

A Little Left.

"How long could you stand that kind of existence, silly?"

Strela looked gravely back at her, then with a sigh: "It seems as though I could stand it forever, now. You know I seem to be changing a little all the while. First, when Mrs. Sprowl found me at Colorado Springs and persuaded me to come to New York I was mad for pleasure—crazy about anything that promised gaiety and amusement—anything to make me forget."

"You know I never went anywhere in Colorado Springs; I was too ill—ill most of the time. . . . And Mrs. Sprowl said she knew my mother—It's curious, but mother never said anything about her—and she cared for fashionable people."

"So I came to New York last winter—and you know the rest—I got tired physically, first; then so many wanted to marry me—and so many women urged me to do so many things—and I was unhappy about Rix—and then came this awful financial crash—"

"Stop thinking of it!"

"Yes; I mean to. I only wanted



The young lady who had advertised that she knows all about bookkeeping, stenography and typewriting, comes to see Quarren.

you to understand how, one by one, emotions and desires have been killed in me during the last four years. . . . And even the desire for wealth and position—which I clung to up to yesterday—somehow, now—this morning—has become little more than a dreamy wish. . . . I'd rather have

quiet if I could—if there's enough money left to let me rest somewhere—"

"There will be," said Molly, watching her.

"Do you think so? And—then there would be no necessity for—"

"Langley!"

Strela flushed. "I wonder," she mused. "I wonder whether—but it seems impossible that I should suddenly find I didn't care for everything I cared for this winter. Perhaps I'm too tired to care just now."

"It might be," said Molly, "that something—for example, your friendship with Rix—had made

other matters seem less important."

The girl looked up quickly, saw nothing in Molly's expression to disturb her, then turned her eyes away, and lay silent, considering.

If her friendship for Quarren had imperceptibly filled her mind, even crowding aside other and most important matters, she did not realize

A Delightful Romance in Which a Beautiful Girl Makes a Great Sacrifice for the Gifted Young Man She Loves.

It. She thought of it now, and of him—recalling the letter she had written.

Vaguely she was aware of the difference in her attitude toward life since she wrote that letter only a few days before. To what was it due? To his letter in reply now lying between the leaves of her New Testament on the table beside her? This was his letter:

Word From Quarren.

"Hold out, Strela! Matters are going well with me. Your tide, too, will turn before you know it. But neither man nor woman is going to aid you, only time, Strela, and—something that neither you nor I have bothered about very much—something that has many names in many tongues—but they all mean the same. And the symbol of what they mean is Truth."

"Why not study it? We never have. All sages of all times have studied it and found comfort; all saints in all ages have found in it strength."

"I find it in traces in every ancient picture that I touch. But there are books still older that have lived because of it. And one man died for it—man or God as you will—the former is more fashionable."

"Lives that have been lived because of it, given for it, forgiven for its sake, are worth our casual study."

"For they say there is no greater thing than Truth. I can imagine no greater. And the search for it is interesting—fascinating—I had no idea how absorbing until recently—until I first saw you, who sent me out into the world to work."

"Hold out—and study this curious subject of Truth for a little while. Will you?"

"If you only study it a while I promise that it will interest you—not in its formalisms, not in its petty rituals and observances, nor in its endless nomenclature, nor its

orthodoxy—but just as you discover it for yourself in the histories of men and women—of saint and sinner—and, above all, in the matchless life of Him who understood them all.

"Non tu corpus eras sine pectore!"

Lying there, remembering his letter almost word for word, and where it now lay among printed pages incomprehensible to her except by the mechanical processes of formal faith and superficial observance, she wondered how much that, and the scarcely scanned printed page, might have altered her views of life.

Molly kissed her again and went away downstairs.

When she was dressed in her habit, she went out to the lawn's edge where Langley and the horses had already gathered; he put her up, and they cantered away down the wooded road that led to South Linden.

After their first gallop they slowed to a walk on the farther hill slope, chatting of inconsequential things; spirits—almost gay for him—and his short dry laugh rang out once or twice, which was more than she had heard from him in a week.

From moment to moment she glanced sideways at him, curiously inspecting the sleek-headed symmetry of the man, noticing, as always, his perfectly groomed figure, his narrow head and the well-cut lines of the face and jaw. Once she had seen him—the very first time she had ever met him at Miami—eating a broiled lobster.

And somehow his healthy appetite, the clean incision of his sun-bronzed jaw and the working muscles, chewing and swallowing, fascinated her; and she never saw him but she thought of him eating vigorously aboard the Yulan.

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OUR PUZZLING EARTH

HOW MANY MOTIONS AND MOVEMENTS HAS IT? By Garrett P. Serviss

Eminent Astronomer and Authority on Subjects of Scientific Interest.

"I have three large scrapbooks filled with your articles, which I would not sell for \$100 apiece. Now I am in quest of some information which I cannot find in works on astronomy or in any article of yours that I have seen. How many motions and movements has the earth? I read in Popular Astronomy the other day that it has five, but I have a vague recollection of reading somewhere that there are about a dozen of them—H. H. H., Richmond, Va."

THE earth has so many movements of one kind or another that it would probably be impossible to enumerate them all. There are no doubt some of which we are unaware.

The principal ones, however, are very evident, although the relativity of motion tends to disguise their real nature. They may be divided under different heads. First, there are the motions of the earth as a whole—i. e., as an individual body, the results of which are to change its place in space with respect to other bodies, such as the sun and the stars.

The most familiar of these motions is the revolution around the sun, performed once every year. Everybody is made aware of this motion by the changes of season that it causes. Yet if the earth's axis stood upright to the plane of its orbit about the sun there would be no changing seasons, but only one season all the year round, and then only a careful watching of the other heavenly bodies would reveal the fact that the earth revolves around the sun.

A second motion of the earth as a whole through space is entirely concealed from ordinary observation just because of the lack of any conspicuous associated phenomenon, like the change of seasons, to fix popular attention upon it. This is the earth's share in the so-called "proper motion" of the solar system.

This motion, which is generally spoken of as the solar, or the sun's, motion through space, takes place in what seems a straight line, which

FOR SCHOOL WEAR

By Rita Stuyvesant

THE advent of the school season has created a demand for smart, good, attractive and yet practical enough for rough and ready wear.

Sweaters are popular just now, and of course they must be of the long sleeve, slip-on style, reaching to the hips, and belted at a low line. Some are bloused a bit over the belt. The various shades of gray are well liked, and so are the navy and dark browns. Tan and henna find a place in the Fall wardrobe.

With these smart slip-on sweaters one wears a dimity blouse with collar and cuffs, starched.

Plaid pleated skirts combine wonderfully well with the sweater if one selects harmonizing colors.

One piece sleeveless frocks are handy, affording an opportunity to use blouses that have been idle since the popularity of the vest. Net or dimity gumples are ideal, and the pongee or soft silk blouses are nice to wear with a sleeveless dress.

For general utility, wool Jersey in dark colors makes a serviceable suit, and so does mannish tweed. Simple lines distinguish suits for young girls, and skirts, in accordance with the trend of the times, have taken a drop.

Sorts of velvet or duvetyne or felt are favored by the college girl. A neutral shade may be worn with a number of frocks and suits or one may let her taste run to the gay colored chequer.

Low-heeled shoes with wool hose are comfy for school wear, and are especially desirable in the heater mixtures. Strapped pumps in gray, black or cordovan favor low heels and are worn with the school suit.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By Beatrice Fairfax

DEPRIVED OF PLEASURES.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

A mother, who is very strict with her son, objects to him going with girls, going to dances, or even talking to girls. Do you think that is right? Is she depriving him of youthful pleasures? This boy is eighteen years old and likes the girls and likes to dance.

A FRIEND.

OF COURSE, she is depriving him of much innocent pleasure. However, there are a great many mothers just like this one. They have left their own youth so far behind them, they can't get even one viewpoint of that of their own children. It is decidedly more healthy for youth to openly participate in a few innocent pleasures than to partake secretly of those not so innocent. A wise mother knows this, and acts accordingly.

Coral and Gold

By Elizabeth Moore Joyce

WEBSTER in debt! Miss Jane drew her rocker up to the fireplace and groaned.

"If only I had a fairy godmother," sighed Miss Jane. "I'd ask her to show me some way—any way—out of my difficulties."

The gate clicked and she looked out to see a strange man coming up the walk.

"Any old things to sell, ma'am?" asked the man. "I'm looking for antiques. Ah, that's a fine old table. Don't care to sell it?"

"No," answered Miss Jane shortly.

"I pay good prices," went on the man insinuatingly. "That's a quaint chair beyond and that sampler's worth something. Ah, what's that?" His eyes fell on a small mahogany desk in a corner. "Madam," he exclaimed, after examining it closer. "I'll give you \$20 for that desk."

Miss Jane winced. That old desk had associations too sacred to speak of before this calculating stranger.

"I do not wish to part with the desk," she replied. "But—what might this little stand or those old dishes be worth?"

"Oh, a few dollars, perhaps. But that desk. Now, would \$25—no, I'll say thirty—would that tempt you?"

No," she said. "I cannot let that go. No stranger shall ever abuse that desk."

"Why, bless your heart, madam, whoever bought that piece, a genuine antique, would give it as good care as you do."

Miss Jane trembled as she let her eyes rest on the desk. In the Webster family honor had always stood before everything else. She must pay her debts.

"I think," she said at length, though her voice trembled, "you may take the desk, after all."

With three new notes in her hand, she stood aside while it was removed from its corner. Then she placed a chair in its place and gathered up the old letters and keepsakes she had removed from it.

But as she went over them again old memories revived and old aches throbbed at her heart.

Robert Howe and she had gone over it together on one of his visits home and in a concealed drawer he had placed a trinket of coral—two interlocking hearts—that he had brought back on his last voyage.

"Now I know both hearts are safe while I'm away," he had said. "And when I come back from my next trip we'll join the two hearts into one."

Then one day there had come a messenger from Robert. He had been in the fair city of London, and Robert had finally gone away, taking with him the ring of twisted gold he had given his sweetheart. Soon after he sailed away and his

THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By Aline Michaelis

Ambition.

SOME people sigh for money, for millions they aspire to make life bright and sunny and safe each fond desire. Some have another yearning, they say their souls are burning to tread the path of learning and set the world afire. Now wealthy folks and clever may call my choosing strange when I confess I'd never for gifts like theirs arrange; I'd rather far be Sadie of color or dark and shady, or any other lady who runs the kitchen range. I envy not the scholar with long unruly locks nor him with many a dollar and ninety pairs of socks; but how my pulse would quicken could I but fry the chicken and set the broth to thicken while smashing pans and crocks! To luxury and riches I've not been introduced and naught save teacher's switches the cause of books could boast; but often I've sat dreaming and wondering and scheming at thought of blisses seeming for Cook, who's rules the roost. For Cook must get a present 'most every week or so, and cooks must have things pleasant and though others weep in woe, yes, mother may be wailing and father's temper ailing but Cook must have clear sailing, or else she's apt to go. If I've a guest she rages and though her salary's high, she asks for extra wages when washing out a tie and if I should not heed her out say I do not need her, the ladies who succeed her will also make me sigh. Oh, not for learning's treasure and not for jewels rare would I give up my leisure and toil within my lair; but how I crave the power of cooks with tempers sour, of cooks without a care.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

Fines are imposed in Berlin on the parents of girls whose skirts are not found to be of officially regulated length when tested by the police.

In the reign of Queen Anne a man was sentenced to imprisonment for life for writing a pamphlet to prove that communication with the dead was possible.

One teaspoonful of good arable soil contains more living organisms than there are human beings in half of the United States!

Ecuador takes its name from the fact that it is situated on the equator.

Dew will not stay on rose leaves because these have an essential oil in them.

Two-thirds of all the farmers in America own their homes. Two-thirds of the city dwellers do not own their homes.

OUR INDIAN WARDS

SUPERIOR CHARACTER OF THEIR SCHOOLS. By W. A. McKeever

Widely Known Lecturer and Author and a National Authority on Juvenile Problems.

FOR many years I have watched the Indian boys and girls pass in and out at their schools scattered variously throughout the country. Within my memory and under the influence of a splendid scheme of education they have moved forward practically from a stage of barbarism to one of modern citizenship. This transformation of the Red Man has been one of the really great educational achievements of the American Government.

Recently there has been another mighty uprising among these aborigines, a gathering of all the tribes on the continent at the picturesque Prairie du Chien, Wis. A great Indian cemetery, a celebration of the progress of the past and a visualization of future purpose. Something approaching a national exposition of the Red Man's whole life and achievement were there staged on a mammoth scale.

It was my happy privilege to spend a week at this pretentious affair and conduct a national institute of juvenile welfare, with especial reference to the education and training of the young of these ancient tribes. The teachers of all the Indian schools of North America were present. There were lectures, conferences, projects and exhibits, all contributory to a brief but enriched course of instruction and inspiration.

But if the foregoing statements have led anyone to imagine that our program of child guidance at the coming centenary must necessarily be something strange or unique, he must be set right. Although it required a century of trial and error before this country found out that the Indian is just a plain human being, we are now fully aware of the fact.

My program at juvenile management for this event was therefore made out practically the same as for any ordinary institute. The eternal human instincts, desires and awakening emotions were considered as for our own children.

The only very significant factor for us here, and one to which I wish the entire commonwealth might give heed, is the superior character of the schools and the schooling now provided for our Indian boys and girls. These Government schools are better balanced, better managed, better safeguarded—as a rule—than is the case with our public schools, so-called.

Here we have the nearest approach to a democracy of experience—the great essentials of play, work, fellowship and religion being wrought into the growing lives through community practice. Here we have also the best moral guardianship.

The young Indians are not permitted to run freely to the indulgence to which our own children are so prone. Here, also, the health conservation is of superior order. Through balanced diet, reg-

NEW USE FOR TELEPHONE

Fish when they swim make a noise, and this, it is said, can be detected by the telephone. Most of us have watched with interest the movements of shoals of fish beneath the surface of the sea or of a lake, but few will have associated with those movements the idea of noise. Nevertheless, such movements do make a noise, and Norwegian fishermen have taken advantage of that fact to devise an arrangement to assist them in detecting and locating fish at considerable depths. They lower a microphone by means of a wire from a boat into the water, the other end of the wire being connected with a telephone receiver on the boat. As the latter slowly proceeds on her course in search of a hook an operator keeps the receiver of the telephone to his ear and he can tell instantly when a shoal of fish is being approached.

Cocoanut Oil Makes A Splendid Shampoo

ADVERTISEMENT.

If you want to keep your hair in good condition, be careful what you wash with.

Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and is very harmful. Multifold coconut oil shampoo (which is pure and entirely greaseless) is much better than anything else you can use for shampooing, as this can't possibly injure the hair.

Simply moisten your hair with water and rub it in. On or two teaspoonfuls of Multifold will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, and cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. The lather rinses out easily and removes every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves it fine and silky, bright, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get Multifold coconut oil shampoo at most any drug store. It is very cheap, and a few ounces is enough to last everyone in the family for months. Be sure your druggist gives you Multifold.

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